

State Normal Magazine

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GREENSBORO, N. C., JANUARY, 1909

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The Old Year and the New

W. C. S.

The Old Year goes with the ebbing tides,
 Going, going :
While into the haven the New Year glides,
 Flowing, flowing.
Good-bye to the Old, good day to the New,
What matters the tide if the heart be true?
Our Pilot's aboard and there's work to do
 Rowing, rowing.

CHORUS :

Farewell, Old Year, with all thy cheer
 We're bidding thee adieu,
While merrily, and cheerily
 We welcome in the New.

Joy comes: grief goes: the good remains
 Steadfast, secure;
An Old Year's loss—a New Year's gains:
 Truth will endure.
For the gain is more than the loss, I ween;
The fading leaf makes way for the green;
The old years sow and the new years glean,—
 The harvest, sure!

Chorus.

The Old Year was and the New Year is— .

The present mine.

But past and present both are His,

Wisdom Divine!

He takes the old, but lends the new

With talents many or talents few,

His reckoning just, His judgment true,

Justice benign!

Chorus.

Then mine this faith whate'er befall—

He will provide.

His wisdom ruleth over all,

Not mine to guide.

No burden can too heavy be,

No evil come from Him to me

While faith and hope and charity,

These three, abide.

Farewell, Old Year, with all thy cheer,

We bravely say adieu,

While merrily and cheerily

We welcome in the New.

Some Biographical Notes on Selma Lagerlöf

N. G. W. LAGERSTEDT

Vermland, one of the most beautiful provinces of Sweden, is situated in the western part of this country and north of the great lake Vänern. It is famed for its vast forests, metallic mountains, clear lakes and rushing rivers. The Vermlandians are a richly gifted people with a great capacity for work, and a bright temperament. Many of the most eminent men and women of Sweden have originated from the province; to name but one example: the world renowned John Ericsson. No other Swedish province can boast of so many distinguished authors as can Vermland. Even in our day great names can be mentioned, and first among them the author, Selma Lagerlöf.

Selma Lagerlöf was born at the farm of Marbacka on the 20th of November, 1858. Her father was in the army (a lieutenant) and her home was an old-fashioned Swedish home, in which old customs and traditions were observed and highly valued. The bright, observant child began early to notice and listen with great attention to the wonderful stories told by her companions, and chiefly by an original old aunt. Her love of books was early apparent, and she devoured specially legends and stories. During her childhood she was taught at home. Even from early childhood she was quite determined to become an author, and she tried to write both epic and dramatic pieces. But as she grew older, she began to understand that she must acquire knowledge in order to become a great writer, and less than great she would not be. Therefore, she had to study. But she soon understood also, that people would laugh at her, if she studied simply to become a poet. She would have to choose another course, and she determined to become a teacher. While training for this purpose, and subsequently in her work, she would acquire the knowledge and development necessary for her calling as an author. Not until she was three and twenty did she succeed in obtaining the means to carry out her plans. She

went to Stockholm, where she went through a preparatory course and then studied at the higher training school for teachers. She devoted herself heart and soul to her studies. Her annotations were not infrequently written in verse, and amongst a small circle of fellow students her authorship soon became known and admired. Already at that period she determined to write a great and wonderful book in honor of her beloved Vermland. She began to think out and plan the work, but she was obliged to put off its execution.

She passed her examination as teacher in 1885, and immediately afterwards she entered upon an engagement as a teacher at a higher girls' school in town, in the south of Sweden. She took great interest in her work, and was liked. Besides teaching history and her favorite subject, Zoölogy, she became absorbed in the study of the lives of animals, of which study traces are to be found in several of her works. Her sojourn in a province so totally different from that in which she was born, and with such a unique and rich culture as Scania, became a factor of great importance in her development. She now inserted in various papers divers shorter novels and poems, but none of them attracted special notice. Meanwhile she had begun to work on her great book descriptive of her birthplace. She wrote it in the form of a series of novels, treating of the way of life on the old estates during 1820. All the wonderful stories she had heard the old folks tell in her childhood, she formed into one story, which, combined with the power of the memoir, to awaken interest, the mysterious fascination of the Saga. Some consecutive chapters of this book she sent in for competition for a prize, which an illustrated weekly paper offered. She obtained the first prize, and the following year, 1891, the book was published complete under the title of "Gösta Berlings Saga". It caused a great sensation, was read by all and admired by most. In 1895 Selma Lagerlöf gave up her work as a teacher, so as to be able to devote herself entirely to her literary work. She considered that it would be unsuitable for her work to settle down in a city, and she therefore took up her abode in a small town, Falun, situated in Dalecarlia, one of the provinces of Sweden richest in memorable events. She

spends her time there in arduous work, and in the enjoyment of a calm and happy home life with nearest relatives.

Between whiles she travels about a good deal, sometimes for recreation, but mostly for far reaching studies. On these journeys she always has with her an author, Mrs. Sophia Elkan, the sister to the founder of the Naäs system, Mr. Otto Salomon. The two friends, besides visiting many European countries, have even extended their journeys to Egypt and Palestine. The journeys have often been in connection with a plan for a certain work. For example, her visit to Jerusalem, where Miss Lagerlöf studied the organization of the Christian communalistic colony there, founded by Americans and Swedes. On their return from Palestine, she wrote a voluminous book, "Jerusalem", in which she graphically and touchingly describes the vicissitudes of a peasant family, first in Dalecarlia and afterwards in the strange land. Besides these works Selma Lagerlöf has written the "Anti-Christ Miracles," the subject from Sicily, "The Saga of a Manor", with a national subject, and several other shorter stories—"Invisible Links," "The Queens in Kungahalla," and "The Christ Legends." In all these collections of stories there are legends and in some of these Selma Lagerlöf has probably reached the height of her authorship. The power to teach others to believe in the strong though invisible links, which bind the visible with the invisible, is characteristic of Selma Lagerlöf, and in legends she has found her right form for the presentation of truth. Of late years she has resumed her occupation as a teacher, though under another form. She has concentrated all her powers to give the youth of Sweden, of all classes and of all conditions, a Reader on the Natural Scenery and People of Sweden. The first part was issued at Christmas, 1906. The book that had been looked forward to so hopefully proved to be not only a book for the rich but for the poor as well; in a word, a book for children of all ages. Parents and grandparents read it together with their children and grandchildren, and it is decidedly impossible to say which have the greater benefit or joy therefrom—the old or the young. "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils Hal-

geron" is a story book, but one of those story books that reveals to its readers the richest realities and contains the deepest truths. Swedish homes and schools have received from Selma Lagerlöf a precious treasure.

Her works have been translated into several foreign languages, amongst others into English. In America "The Adventures of Nils Halgerson", translated by Mrs. Velma Swanston Howard, has been published by Doubleday, Page and Company.

At the Grand Jubilee Festival which was celebrated at the University of Uppsala in the spring of 1907, in memory of the great Swedish naturalist, Linnaeus, Selma Lagerlöf was promoted Honorary Doctor of Philosophy. She is the first Swedish woman who has received this distinction.



Uncle Ruben

SELMA LAGERLÖF

Some eighty years ago there was a little boy who went out into the square to spin his top. That little boy's name was Ruben. He was not more than three years of age, but he flourished his tiny whip like the brave little chap he was, and made the top spin like fun.

On that day, eighty years ago, the spring weather was really very fine. The month of March had come, and the town was divided into two worlds—the one white and warm, where the sun had the mastery, and the other cold and dark, where it was shady. Sunshine flooded the square with the exception of a narrow strip along the row of houses.

Now it so happened that the little boy, brisk though he was, got tired of spinning his top and looked about for a resting place. It was not difficult to find one. There were no benches or sofas, but every house was provided with a stone step, and little Ruben could not imagine that there could be anything more suitable. He was a conscientious little fellow and he had a vague idea that his mother would not approve of his sitting on the doorstep of strangers. His mother was poor, and so there must be no appearance of his taking anything from others. He, therefore, went and sat down on their own stone steps, for their house was also on the square. Their stone step was on the shady side and it was very cold there. The little chap leaned his head against the rails, drew up his legs, and made himself as comfortable as could be. He sat a little while looking at the sunshine in the square, at the boys running about, and at the tops spinning—and then he closed his eyes and fell asleep. He must certainly have slept a full hour. When he awoke he did not feel so well as when he fell asleep, but everything seemed to be so uncomfortable. He went in to his mother crying, and his mother saw that he was ill and put him to bed. After a day or two the boy died.

His story does not end here, however. His mother grieved for him with her whole heart, with that grief that

outlives years and death. She had several other children, many cares that occupied her mind, and many duties that claimed her time, but in her heart of hearts there was always a room in which her son Ruben dwelled undisturbed. To her he was always alive. When she saw children playing in the square, she fancied he was with them, and when she went about her household duties she firmly believed that the little one still sat there asleep on the dangerous stone steps. Certain it is that none of the mother's living children were so present with her as her dead child.

Some years after his death a little daughter came to Ruben's mother, and when she was old enough to run about in the square and to spin her top, it happened that she too sat down on the stone steps to rest. The mother felt at once as though some one pulled at her gown. She instantly went out and seized hold of the little sister so violently, in lifting her up, that the child never forgot it so long as she lived and still less did she forget the wonderful look in her mother's face, and the tremor in her voice as she said, "Do you know that you once had a little brother named Ruben, and he died because he sat on the stone steps and caught cold? Surely you will not die too and leave mother, Bertha?"

Brother Ruben soon became as one amongst them—to his brothers and sisters and to his mother. She was such a mother that they all saw with her eyes, and they soon had the same capacity for seeing him sit there on the stone steps, and there was no question that any of them should go and sit down there. So soon as they saw any one sit down on a stone step or on stone rails, or on a stone by the wayside, they always shuddered and thought of brother Ruben.

It also happened that brother Ruben got the first place amongst the brothers and sisters when they spoke of each other. For all the children knew that they were a troublesome and worrisome set, that only gave their mother anxiety and caused her discomfort. They could not believe that their mother would grieve much if she lost any of them, but as mother really grieved for Ruben, it was certain that he must have been much better than they were. It was not so seldom

that some of them thought like this: "Ah, if we could give mother as much joy as brother Ruben did!" And still none of them knew more about him than that he had spun a top and had caught cold on the stone step; but he must have been wonderful, seeing that his mother loved him so. Wonderful he was, and he gave his mother more joy than all the other children put together. She had become a widow and worked in grief and poverty, but the children had such strong faith in mother's grief for her three-year old darling that they were convinced that had he but lived their mother would not have grieved so at her misfortunes. Every time they saw their mother in tears they thought it was because brother Ruben was dead or because they were not like brother Ruben. Soon a stronger and stronger desire arose within them to be as dearly loved by the mother as he who was gone. There was nothing they would not have done for their mother if only she would love them as intensely as she had loved him; and this strong desire, it seems to me, made brother Ruben the most useful of all the mother's children. Only think! When the eldest brother had earned his first money by rowing a stranger across the river, he gave it to his mother, not even keeping so much as a farthing for himself. Then his mother looked so happy, and who was so proud as he? But he could not help betraying how extremely ambitious he was.

"Mother, am I not now as good as brother Ruben?"

His mother gave him a searching glance. She seemed to compare his bright, beaming face with the little pale one on the stone step, and his mother would certainly have said yes, had she been able to do so.

"Mother is very fond of you, Ivan," she replied, "but you can never be the equal of your brother Ruben."

All the children saw that the task was insurmountable, but still they could not help trying.

They grew up to be clever fellows, they worked their way up to independence and position, while brother Ruben only sat on his stone steps; but still he had got the start; he was not to be surpassed. And whenever they had made progress, whenever there was an improvement, and when finally they

succeeded in offering their mother a good home with every comfort, it had to be a sufficient reward for them that mother said: "Oh, if my little Ruben had only seen this!"

Brother Ruben followed his mother through her whole life, even to her death bed. It was he who took away the agony of death, as she knew it took her to him. In the midst of her sufferings their mother could smile at the thought of her going to meet little Ruben.

And so she died, she whose faithful love had raised up and had made an idol of a poor little boy of three. Neither was this event, however, the end of little Ruben's history. He had become to all his brothers and sisters a symbol of the arduous life of the home, of love to a mother, of all the touching memories of the years of toilsome labor and adversity. There was always something warm and lovely in their voices when they spoke of him—a hallowed atmosphere surrounded the little fellow of three.

Thus he glided into the lives of his nephews and nieces. The mother's love had made him great, and the influence of the great is powerful, and extends from generation to generation. Sister Bertha had a son who came much in contact with Uncle Ruben. He was four years old that day when he sat on the edge of the pavement, staring into the gutter, which was flooded with rain water. Sticks and straws were borne on their adventurous windings along the shallow passage. The little one sat there calmly looking on, as we do, in following the adventurous doings of others, while we are in safety ourselves. But his peaceful meditations were checked by his mother, who, the moment she saw him, had to think of the stone steps of their home and of the brother.

"My dear little boy," said she, "don't sit like that. You know that mother had a little brother, whose name was Ruben and who was four years old, like you. He died because he sat on the edge of such a pavement and caught cold."

The little boy did not like to be disturbed in his pleasant thoughts. He sat still, meditating, while his curly hair fell over his eyes. Sister Bertha would not have done so for any one else, but for the sake of her dear brother she shook her

little boy rather roughly, and thus he learned to have respect for Uncle Ruben.

On another occasion, this fair, curly haired youngster happened to fall down on the ice. He had been knocked down, really, on purpose, by a great, big, good-for-nothing fellow, and there he remained sitting and crying to show how badly he had been treated, especially as his mother could not be far away. He had forgotten, however, that his mother was first and last Uncle Ruben's sister. When she caught sight of Axel sitting on the ice she did not come with words calming and comforting, but only with the eternal: "Don't sit like that, my dear boy. Think of Uncle Ruben, who died when he was five years old, like you, because he sat down in a snow drift."

The boy got up at once when he heard her speak of Uncle Ruben, but he was chilled to the heart. How could mother talk of Uncle Ruben when her own little boy was so distressed? Uncle Ruben might sit down and die wherever he pleased, so far as Axel was concerned, but now it was as if this dead uncle would take away his own mother from him, and that Axel could not permit him to do. Thus he learned to hate Uncle Ruben.

Up the stairs in Axel's home there was a stone balustrade at a giddy height, awfully jolly to sit upon. Far below lay the stone floor of the hall, and he who sat astride up there could dream that he went over the abyss. Axel called the balustrade the good charger Crane. On its back he leaped over burning trenches into enchanted castles. There he sat, proud and fearless, his curly hair blown back from the violent onset, and fought out St. Göran's fight with the dragon, and hitherto Uncle Ruben had not taken a fancy to ride here. But of course he came. Just as the dragon was writhing in the throes of death and Axel sat there in the certainty of triumph, he heard the nursery maid call out: "Don't sit there, little Axel! Think of Uncle Ruben who died when he was eight years old, like you are now, Axel, because he rode on a stone balustrade. You must never sit here any more."

What an envious old fool that Uncle Ruben must have

been! He could not bear that Axel should kill dragons and rescue princesses.

If he did not look sharp, Axel would show him that he too could win honor. If he jumped down on the stone floor of the hall below and killed himself, then indeed, Uncle Ruben, that great liar, would find himself eclipsed.

Poor Uncle Ruben; poor good little boy, who had gone out into the sunny square to spin his top! Now he would know what it was to be a great man. He had become a scarecrow, which the period that then was had put up for that which was to come.

It was in the country at Uncle Ivan's. A great number of cousins were assembled in the fine garden. Axel went about there, full of hatred for their great Uncle Ruben. He only wanted to know if Uncle Ruben plagued any one else as much as he did him; but something made him afraid to ask the question. It was as though he should say something blasphemous. The children were at last left alone. No grown up person was present. Then Axel asked them if they had ever heard of Uncle Ruben. He saw that many eyes flashed and many small fists were clenched, but it was evident that the small mouths had learned respect for Uncle Ruben.

"Hush, whatever you do," said the whole company.

"No," said Axel; "now, I *will* know if there is any one else he plagues, for to me he is the most troublesome of all uncles."

This single courageous word broke the silence that had oppressed the hearts of the indignant children. They stormed and shouted as a lot of nihilists must do when they abuse an autocrat. Now they poured forth a list of the great man's sins. Uncle Ruben persecuted all his nieces and nephews; Uncle Ruben died wherever he pleased; Uncle Ruben was always of the same age of those whose peace he would disturb. And they had to respect him though he was evidently a liar. They could hate him from the very depths of their hearts—that they might do; but ignore him or show him want of respect—no, indeed!

And, oh, the expression in the faces of the old folks when they talked of him! Had he then done anything so marvelous? To sit down and die was, after all, not so wonderful. And whatever great deeds he may have done, certain it was that now he abused his power. He opposed the children in all they had a mind to do—that old scarecrow! He roused them from their midday nap in the green grass. He had discovered the best hiding places in the park and forbidden their being there. And now of late he had taken to riding on unsaddled horses and driving in hay.

They were all convinced that the poor little fellow had never been more than three years old, and now he attacked youngsters of fourteen, declaring that he was as old as they were. That was the most provoking thing of all. Incredible things in connection with him were revealed. He had been catching minnows, sitting on the rafters of the bridge. He had gone out rowing in the punt; he had climbed up that willow, the branches of which bent over the water and which was so delightful to sit in. Why, he had even lain down on gunpowder barrels and fallen asleep there. But they all knew there was no escaping his tyranny. It was a relief to have spoken out, but no real help for it. It was impossible to rebel against Uncle Ruben.

You will scarcely believe it, but when these children grew up and had children of their own they began to make use of Uncle Ruben, as their fathers had done before them. And their children again, that is to say, the young folks now growing up, had learned the lesson so well, that it happened one summer in the country, a little chap of five came up to his old grandmother Bertha, who had sat down on the landing of the stairs while waiting for her carriage, and had said to her:

“Grannie, you once had a brother named Ruben.”

“You are right, my little chap,” she answered, and got up immediately.

This was to all the young people who saw it, as though they had seen one of the old warriors of King Charles the Twelfth bowing before his portrait. They had an idea that

Uncle Ruben must always remain great, no matter how he was misused, merely because he had been so dearly loved.

In these days when all greatness is so criticized he must be made use of in more moderation than formerly. The limit of his age is lower. Trees, boats, and gunpowder barrels are safe from him, but nothing of stone that is fit to sit upon can escape him.

And children, the children of the present day, conduct themselves differently towards him from the way their parents did. They criticize him openly and undisguised. Their parents no longer understand the art of inspiring oppressive, dread obedience. Little school girls discuss Uncle Ruben and wonder if he is anything but a myth. A youth of six suggests that they shall prove, by experiment, that it is impossible to die of a cold caught by sitting on a stone step.

But this is merely a fashion for the day. This generation is as firmly convinced as the former of Uncle Ruben's greatness, and it obeys him as that did. The day will come when these scoffers will go back to the home of their fathers, search for the old stone steps, and erect them on a pedestal, with a golden inscription.

They will joke about Uncle Ruben now for some years; but so soon as they grow up and have children of their own to educate, they will be convinced of the use and necessity of the great man.

"Oh, my little one, don't sit down on that stone step! Your grandmother had an uncle named Ruben. He died when he was your age because he sat down to rest on such a stone step!" So they will say so long as the world lasts.

Spring in the Cove of Panther Wail Mountain

ROSE BATTERHAM, '11

First flowerets of spring, the hypatica and arbutus, joyfully greeting the warm sun, were springing from their winter beds on all sides of the little cottage that clung so closely to the forest of oak and chestnut trees. It was a snug little four-roomed log cabin shining brightly with a fresh coat of whitewash. A tall gaunt woman, dressed in a plain gingham, stood in the doorway. Her face bore marks of suffering and intense longing. She was mournfully watching a strong youth, a son of the mountains, who came striding up the path, singing an old camp-meeting hymn. As he neared the house the tune ceased but re-echoed among the mountains.

"Mother," he said to the woman, "what makes you so powerful sad tonight? Why, hit's spring, can't you feel it in your bones, can't you feel it in your heart? I'm so glad it's come. We've had a terrible, long winter."

"Be happy, son, I cannot. It is always winter to me." The woman's speech told that she was not a native of the mountains.

"She's a thinking of Annie Laurie. She left jist sech a night as this, and in the spring, too. It is nigh four years back when she left. Yes, she's a thinking of Annie Laurie," muttered the boy to himself.

"Come on in and have your supper. There are fried potatoes, just what you like, and the buttermilk is good and foaming, for I churned today."

The simple meal was eaten in silence, broken only by the sound of the noisy bullfrogs that tried to drown the gurgles and laughter of the brook, as it raced on to join Panther Wail Creek.

"Mother, I'm sorry, but you know tonight I promised to take Mary Bailey to meeting. But I won't go, if you would ruther I'll stay with you."

"Go, Jim, I would like to be alone tonight. I don't like for you to stay away from the girls and their fun for me.

your poor old mother, who does nothing but grumble and look sour enough to turn sweet milk."

"Oh, mother! now don't, don't take on so; cheer up a bit, it's spring. No fellow has a better ma than me. I know it's dreadful hard for you tonight, but as the preacher said last Sunday, if we was sad at night we would have joy come to us all in the morning, to us all."

And impulsively kissing her tear-stained cheeks he hastened away into the coming darkness.

After having cleared away and washed the few dishes and pans, the mother blew out the lamp, stepped outside, shut the door and sat on the doorstep, leaning her head on one work-scarred hand.

Rough, rock-covered Panther Wail Mountain loomed up in front of her. Two hours ago the sun had slipped behind it, and then it had been dyed in pink. Now only a streak of blue, which gradually changed into a sombre purplish shade, marked the place where the sun had disappeared. The mountain was black as the darkest night. A fire, which in the day seemed only a puff of smoke, now gleamed a dull, jagged streak of red on the south side. A cool breeze fanned the woman's cheeks and the faint earthy odor of spring, telling of new born flowers, of brooks released from icy prisons, of birds that wooed in the sprouting trees, of tiny insects and springing grass, was wafted to her.

"It was such a night as this, such a night full of spring. We had just finished planting the potatoes and onions; she complained about the work, saying she was tired of this life. I was cross to her, oh! oh!!" the woman groaned. "At supper she talked of making money, of going to the city and working in a store. She said how she disliked this lonely life; she said she hated her village friends and that she was sick and tired of their parties, and dances and church festivals. It was such a night as this, only the stars then looked brighter to me and much nearer. Son and I were weary with the day's work. We went to bed early. She had some mending to do and stayed up. I can see her now sitting by the window; she seemed nervous, her hands shook. Her hair was tumbled.

How pretty she looked, although there was a pout on her face. I kissed her, she turned away her face, and seemed to hate my doing this. Oh! I have borne it for four sad years. The next morning she was gone—where, oh, where!” Thus the woman talked to herself. She was silent for a while, and, raising her head, looked at the mountain. “There’s a fire burning up all your little spring flowers, old Panther Wail; just so a fire has burned all hopes of spring from my heart. In winter I, like you, hope to feel the spring, but when the time nears sorrow burns, and eats deep into my heart.”

Clinging to the shadows made by the trees, a dark form moved up the path towards the little white cottage. The form was quite near now, but lingered in the shadows, watching the steps. Again she began to talk, this time her voice rose to a sad, broken cry, “Oh, my daughter, little Annie Laurie, you are forgiven for running away from me, you were forgiven before you left. Your mother is pining for sight of you, girlie. But what’s the use, what’s the use?” Her voice died away into a murmur and she dejectedly leaned her head upon her hand and rocked to and fro.

The form in the shadows quivered; a young girl struggled, started forward, clenched her hands and drew back; she gasped for breath in her anxiety; she tore the tender buds from the bush which kindly concealed her. Then she stretched out her arms, rushed to the woman on the steps and clasped her tight. “Mother, I’ve come, I’m here! Mother, don’t you see it’s me? Mother, I love this home here. I’m weary of city life, city work. I’ve come to share the spring with you, here in the free open country with you. I’ve come to greet every spring with you.”

Surely joy came in the morning; the whole cove was running over with joy. The brooks danced and shouted, the breeze roused the trees and they told the joyful spring-tide news to their buds. The flowers nodded among the leaves, the birds sang and sang in the trees. Yes, it was spring!

Jim’s voice was so strong and joyful this morning that he made the mountains, hills and dales echo and re-echo with his hymns of praise. The mother and daughter were happily chatting and working together in the cabin.

The Rabbi

The sketch of "The Rabbi" is not a poet's dream, but a portrait from life. The painter was a young North Carolinian doing missionary work on the frontier. The Rabbi and the Methodist preacher were irresistibly drawn together. Since the passing of the Rabbi Dr. Eckman, his friend has grown old in the service of his church and all who have felt the benediction of Bishop Fitzgerald's presence can understand the undying love between these two sons of God.

A few days since the Bishop wrote from his home in Nashville, Tennessee: "You have my cordial consent to publish the sketch in your College Magazine. If it will do any good, I shall be more than compensated. A blessing upon you and all in dear Old North Carolina!"

O. P. FITZGERALD

Seated in his library, enveloped in a faded figured gown, a black velvet cap on his massive head, the old man had an oriental look about him that arrested our attention at once. Power and gentleness, child-like simplicity, and scholarliness, were curiously mingled in this man. His library was a reflex of its owner. In it were books that the great public libraries of the world could not match—black letter folios that were almost as old as the printing art, illuminated volumes that were once the pride and joy of men who had been in their graves many generations, rabbinical lore, theology, magic, and great volumes of Hebrew literature that looked, when placed beside a modern book, like an old ducal palace alongside a ginger bread cottage of today. I do not think he ever felt at home amid the hurry and rush of San Francisco. He could not adjust himself to the people. He was devout, and they were intensely worldly. He thundered this sentence from the teacher's desk in the synagogue one morning: "O ye Jews of San Francisco, you have so fully given yourselves up to material things that you are losing the very instinct of immortality! Your only idea of religion is to acquire the Hebrew language, and *you don't know that!*" His port and voice were like those of the old Hebrew prophets. Elijah himself was not more fearless. Yet, how deep was his love for his race! Jeremiah was not more tender when he wept for the slain of the daughters of his people.

His reproofs were resented, and he had a taste of persecution; but the Jews of San Francisco understood him at last. The poor and the little children knew him from the start. He lived mostly among his books, and in his school for poor children, whom he taught without charge. His habits were most simple and his bodily wants so few that it cost him but a trifle to live. When the synagogue frowned upon him, he was as independent as Elijah at the brook Cherith. It is hard to starve a man to whom crackers and water are a royal feast.

His belief in God and in the supernatural was startlingly vivid. The Voice that spoke from Sinai was still audible to him, and the Arm that delivered Israel he saw still stretched out over the nations. The miracles of the Old Testament were as real to him as the premiership of Disraeli, or the financiering of the Rothschilds. There was, at the same time, a vein of rationalism that ran through his thought and speech. We were speaking one day on the subject of miracles, and, with his usual energy of manner, he said: "There was no need of any literal angel to shut the mouths of the lions to save Daniel; the awful holiness of the prophet was enough. There was so much of God in him that the savage creatures submitted to him as they did to unsinching Adam. Man's dominion over nature was broken by sin, but in the golden age to come it will be restored. A man in full communion with God wields a divine power in every sphere that he touches." His face glowed as he spoke, and his voice was subdued into a solemnity of tone that told how his reverent and adoring soul was filled with a vision of the coming glory of redeemed humanity.

He knew the New Testament by heart, as well as the Old. The sayings of Jesus were often on his lips. One day, in a musing, half-soliloquizing way, I heard him say: "It is wonderful! a Hebrew peasant from the hills of Galilee, without learning, noble birth, or power, subverts all the philosophies of the world, and makes himself the central figure of all history. It is wonderful!" He half whispered the words and his eyes had the introspective look of a man who is thinking deeply.

He came to see me at our cottage on Post Street one morning before breakfast. In grading a street, a house in which I had lived and which I had the ill luck to own, on Pine Street, had been undermined, and toppled over into the street below, falling on the slate roof and breaking all to pieces. He came to tell me of it, and to extend his sympathy. "I thought I would come first, so that you might get the bad news from a friend rather than a stranger. You have lost a house; but that is a small matter. Your little boy there might have put out his eyes with a pair of scissors, or he might have swallowed a pin and lost his life. There are many things constantly taking place that are harder to bear than the loss of a house." Many other wise words did the Rabbi speak, and before he left I felt that the house was indeed a small thing to grieve over.

He spoke with charming freedom and candor of all sorts of people. "Of Christians, the Unitarians have the best heads, and the Methodists the best hearts. The Roman Catholics hold the masses, because they give their people plenty of form. The masses will never receive truth in its simple essence; they must have it in a way that will make it digestible and assimilable, just as their stomachs demand bread, and meats, and fruits, not their extracts or distilled essences, for daily food. As to Judaism, it is on the eve of great changes. What these changes will be I know not, except that I am sure that the God of our fathers will fulfill his promise to Israel. This generation will probably see great things."

"Do you mean the literal restoration of the Jews to Palestine?"

He looked at me with an intense gaze, and hastened not to answer. At last he spoke slowly: "When the perturbed elements of religious thought crystallize into clearness and enduring forms, the chosen people will be one of the chief factors in reaching that final solution of the problems which convulse this age."

He was one of the speakers at the great Mortara indignation meeting in San Francisco. The speech of the occasion

was that of Colonel Baker, the orator who went to Oregon, and in a single campaign magnetized the Oregonians so completely by his splendid eloquence that, passing by all their old party leaders, they sent him to the United States Senate. No one who heard Baker's peroration that night will ever forget it. His dark eyes blazed, his form dilated, and his voice was like a bugle in battle.

"They tell us that the Jew is accursed of God. This has been the plea of the bloody tyrants and the robbers that oppressed and plundered them during the long ages of their exile and agony. But the Almighty God executes his own judgments. Woe to him who presumes to wield His thunderbolts! They fall in blasting, consuming vengeance upon his own head. God deals with his chosen people in judgment; but he says to men, 'Touch them at your peril! They that spoil them will be for a spoil; they that carry them away captive shall themselves go into captivity.' The Assyrian smote the Jew, and where is the proud Assyrian empire? Rome ground them under her iron heel, and where is the empire of the Cæsars? Spain smote the Jew, and where is her glory? The desert sands cover the site of Babylon the Great. The power that hurled the hosts of Titus against the holy city Jerusalem was shivered to pieces. The banners of Spain, that floated in triumph over half the world, and fluttered in the breezes of every sea, is now the emblem of a glory that is gone, and the ensign of a power that has waned. The Jews are in the hand of God. He hath dealt with them in judgment, but they are still the children of promise. The day of long exile shall end, and they will return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

The words were something like these, but who could picture Baker's oratory? As well try to paint a storm in the tropics. Real thunder and lightning cannot be put on canvas.

The Rabbi made a speech, and it was the speech of a man who had come from his books and prayers. He made a tender appeal for the mother and father of the abducted Jewish boy, and argued the question as calmly, and in as sweet a spirit, as if he had been talking over an abstract

question in his study. The vast crowd looked upon that strange figure with a sort of pleased wonder, and the Rabbi seemed almost unconscious of their presence. He was as free from self-consciousness as a little child, and many a Gentile heart warmed that night to the simple-hearted sage who stood before them, pleading for the rights of human nature.

The old man was often very sad. In such moods he would come round to our cottage on Post Street, and sit with us until late at night, unburdening his aching heart, and relaxing by degrees into a playfulness that was charming from its very awkwardness. He would bring little picture books for the children, pat them on their heads, and praise them. They were always glad to see him, and would nestle round him lovingly. We all loved him, and felt glad in the thought that he left our little circle lighter in heart.

He lived alone. Once, when I playfully spoke to him of matrimony, he laughed quietly, and said: "No, no—my books and my poor school children are enough for me." He died suddenly and alone. He had been out one windy night visiting the poor, came home sick, and before morning was in that world of spirits which was so real to his faith, and for which he longed. He left his little fortune of a few thousand dollars to the poor of his native village of Posen, in Poland. And thus passed from California life Dr. Julius Eckman, the Rabbi.



Sketches

“Big Tom Wilson”

DAISY E. HOLCOM

In a neat log cabin at the foot of Mount Mitchell lives an old mountain guide. A party going to Mount Mitchell for a few days camping, thinks the party not complete without “Big Tom”. He is about six feet tall, and weighs from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred pounds. The snowy locks upon the head of the old man and his shining black eyes form a great contrast. When one looks into his face he is met with a beaming smile, which is an inspiration to one to be good. He always wears a hunting suit of dark blue denim, coarse, high topped shoes, and a large, broad-brimmed black hat. Never a day passes without his roaming over the mountain with his gun and dog. From beneath his rough exterior a kind heart beats. This old mountaineer is goodness itself. His neighbors, when in trouble, come to him as a matter of course. A night is never too dark nor a day too cold for him to be of help to any one in distress. Many people owe him debts of gratitude which they can never repay.

An Old Colonial Home

IRIS CASHWELL

On a gently rising hill, on the banks of the Cape Fear River, stand the remains of an old colonial home of the true Southern type. The house is situated in the midst of a grove of oaks, which show from their gigantic size and gnarled forms that they have resisted the storms of many a season. The whole grove was once surrounded by a stone wall, but all that remains of this wall is the arched gateway, forming an entrance to the driveway which winds through the trees and

shrubbery, up to the pillared porte-cochere on the right of the house. Although the hand of time has left its marks, the house with its great height and with the massive white columns supporting the porch conveys an idea of the dignity and chivalry of the Southern race. In the main yard are the remains of once beautiful statuary, and on either side of the walk is a fountain, whose merry tinkle once mingled sweetly with the songs of the birds, giving a charming sense of enchantment to the place. At the rear of the house, on the hill which slopes down to the river, is a scene which recalls many of those pictured in "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and other books of ante-bellum times. This scene presents a long row of negro cabins. These, with their back-ground of weeping-willows, through which glimpses of the winding river may be seen, present a picturesque appearance. In imagination one can almost see the forms of the darkies as they are gathered in groups in the cabin doors or in the shade of the trees, and can almost hear the thrumming of the banjos and the voices of the negroes as they sing the old plantation melodies.

"Aunt Betsy"

MAY GREEN

Aunt Betsey is a typical old time slave woman. Her shriveled little black face is surrounded by soft puffs of kinky white hair, partly covered by a much worn, spotless linen kerchief, "made befo' de wah", as she will tell you. Her dress made of material, woven and dyed by her own hands, hangs in short starched folds to her ankles. Spotless white stockings and low-topped home-made shoes cover her active old feet, and finish the old-fashioned appearance of this loyal slave. Loyal, she is in every respect to slave customs. Especially is this noticeable on Sunday. Her gentle brown eyes look with open disdain on the "po' white trash" and "low niggahs", who sneak around in dirt and rags during work days, and strut to church in gaudy exaggerated imitation of "big folks" on Sunday. She herself never goes to church; but regularly each Sunday she crosses the field to the big house, where "Young Miss", now an old grayhaired woman, always reads the Bible to her.

An Old-fashion Mill

JEAN WITHERS

A picturesque old grist mill stands on the bank of a small stream in eastern Carolina. The mill house is a tall building made of rough boards fastened together with hand-made nails. The panes of glass in the windows are very small, and three or four of them are gone from every window. The first floor of the house is built high up from the ground to prevent water from coming into the house when the river rises. The house has never been painted, but time has given it a reddish brown color.

On the porch is a long wooden bench where idlers sit and discuss the latest events of the neighborhood.

There is about the whole place a peculiar stillness. The stream is shallow and swift, and as the water rushes against the rocks it makes a low moaning sound. The water pouring over the dam half a mile up the stream can be heard in a monotonous roar, and the birds that live along the water side seem to whisper their songs as if they are afraid of breaking the silence that reigns about the place.

To some people this is a very lonely and unpleasant place, and they seem to be anxious to get away from it. There is one person, however, who loves this solitary spot, and of whom the birds are not afraid. To him their whispered songs, accompanied by the murmur of the water, far surpass any music made by human voices. This person is the old miller, who is a man of large and once muscular frame. His white hair and beard fall loosely about his bent shoulders, and his once black felt hat and rusty brown coat are covered with mill dust. The mill is his, and though its noise has deafened him, he loves it as well and takes as much pride in running it today as he did when he built it half a century ago.

An Old Log Church

ROSE MOOSE

About one mile west of the town of Newton, standing among giant oaks is an old weather-beaten church called Saint Paul's. On the east side of the church is a large graveyard with little paths leading through it. Some of the graves are well kept, while a great number are fallen in and neglected. A number of the head-stones are dated in the eighteenth century, and some are inscribed with old Dutch writing. The church itself is put together with large home-made nails. There is a belfry on the top of the church, but the bell has long been broken. The steps are large rough stones. On the inside, the walls are stained and yellow with age. The names of people, some of whom are living, others dead, are written on the walls. The rude seats, which are made of straight plank, are covered with dust. In the back side of the church are the small organ and the separate pews for the choir. On each side of the door are small dark stairways leading up into the gallery, where the old darkies used to sit. The queer Dutch people still worship in this house and cling to their old ways. After service, they linger around talking to friends and neighbors, about events of the past week. This old land-mark is visited every week by numbers of people who think it very interesting and curious.

Uncle Calvin

JESSIE SCOTT GREEN

About seven o'clock every morning, Calvin Pouton, a colored man, about seventy years old, carries fifteen or twenty cows to graze in a broad, green pasture land, near Weldon. Uncle Calvin furnishes an amusing sight as he walks slowly through main street, with one leg of his trousers rolled up to his knee and with a large stick in his hand, that he uses to urge on his unwilling cows. This old man's long, white beard contrasts queerly with his brown, wrinkled face, and keen black eyes. He wears a short weather-stained jacket, and a derby hat, with the crown partly torn off. This poor old

creature has bags tied about his feet, and wears neither shoes nor socks in winter or summer. He is of a tenacious fiber, and scorns alike the warnings of cold and hunger. His food is the scraps of bread and meat that he gets as he goes from house to house. Uncle Calvin has no relatives, but as the darkies say, "he has a bucket of money". He is constantly engaging in some unnecessary feud, which causes the law to demand either his money or his freedom. Rather than part with his money he remains in prison for several weeks at a time, but does not mind spending his money freely for a good drink of corn whiskey.

Translation from Horace

Book I, Ode 9

The tall, straight pine in the forest glade
Groans under its burdening snow;
The mountain peak's white-capped tonight,
And ice checks the river's flow.

Come, pile the wood with unstinted hand;
Then to the hearth's good cheer
Add the Sabine wine, the rich, old wine,
And dismiss each doubt and fear.

Leave cares to the gods. Anxiety, fear
Of the morrow's coming ill
Put aside. Draw near to the fire's warmth,
And pleasure's goblet fill.

While the heart is young, while crabbed age
Is still a thing unknown,
Enjoy the gifts of youth and love;
Go, claim them as your own.



State Normal Magazine

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Vol. XIII

JANUARY, 1909

No. 2

1908-1909

Noiselessly and almost imperceptibly, like a great ocean liner putting out to sea, the old year has slipped its moorings and has glided into the limitless deep of the past. It is freighted with the hopes and fears, gains and losses, joys and sorrows, efforts and achievements, failures and successes, of the whole wide world. There is much in the hold which no diver would willingly confront at the bottom of the sea, and which the shippers themselves would be loath to see exposed to the search light. Happily not all of the cargo is of this nature, but there are loving deeds and earnest efforts and noble virtues. There is much which is full of promise for the future, and much to make souls rejoice that they have had a share in contributing to this year's embargo.

Whatever its record, it is gone beyond recall—"motionless forever stands the past"—but if we have profited by the experiences, whatever they may have been, we enter upon the life of the new year not with repining, but with courage to make it the best of all. As we wave adieu to the old ship now growing dim in the offing, we turn to where the new "1909" is gliding from her ways into the waters of our port, ready for the cargo which our acts and thoughts must store in her compartments. A year from now she, too, must be launched—what will the cargo be? If into the hold of 1908 we have packed mis-spent time, days and hours filled with folly and self-seeking, and those things which pamper, and a vain and shallow ambition, can we not turn about and not desecrate the beautiful new ship with such uncanny freight?

In her hold is the compartment which no one but ourselves can load, and in order to store it well neither riches nor great talents are necessary, but souls attuned to the celestial harmonies and hands quick to do what they find to do in service for others. There are jewels which our hands may gather, treasure which waits the "open sesame" of our lips, which may be laid up in this hallowed place where neither moth nor rust can corrupt and where thieves can not break through nor steal, but which will outride every storm and be found at last fit for the kingdom of God. And the most glorious part of this lading is that the one who exports these treasures is thereby enriched, and that where they are there his life is centered.

Perhaps the chief agent in accomplishing this desirable result is a steadfast determination to make the best of whatever comes our way. Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, resolutely living down the low and trivial and transitory, strenuously casting aside every weight and running with patience the race set before us, and loyally seeking those things which are above.

The new year is a good ship, and we are in a good land, with boundless possibilities of achievement. Our own State, our beloved Southland and the Nation, all need whole-hearted devotion to the promotion of truth, to the advancement of knowledge and the spread of righteousness which it is within

the power of each of us to promote. Perhaps nowhere in North Carolina does the great and undying past call more loudly for lives consecrated to the good of humanity than here at our own institution. When we remember the devotion of Dr. McIver to the cause of popular education—how he went into almost every town and hamlet of the State and plead the cause of the children, and how unceasingly and with what glorious patriotism he strove to bring opportunity to every child within the State—we should be inspired to hold up the banner and never sound retreat in the cause he so nobly championed.

Our Annual

To the alumnae, former students and friends of the College, we wish to say a few words concerning our annual, which will be published at the close of the present term. This is the first year that any class at our college has assumed the responsibility of publishing an annual, but we feel by so doing that the jovial side of our life will be better preserved.

The name has not yet been decided upon. Every one has a chance to name it, and the most suitable name suggested is to be used, the fortunate person having her or his picture in the annual. It is to be dedicated to him who has done most for the education of young women in our State, who made the founding of our great institution possible, and who was ever willing to do something for some one else—to our former beloved President, Dr. Chas. D. McIver.

This annual is to represent our college. It is to be published 'by the Senior Class, but all of the classes are to be represented in it. There will also be scenes from the park, photographs of the basket-ball teams, the Board of Editors of the State Normal Magazine, the Annual Editors, the Marshals, the Faculty, and a whole section is to be devoted to the Alumnae.

Each copy of the annual is to be \$2.50. We hope that as many of the alumnae and friends of the college as can will purchase a copy of our first annual.

College Athletics

No subject needs a more introspective consideration than athletics, especially in an institution of learning for young women. The learned scientists have finally discovered by their intricate systems of psychological, biological, and physiological analyses, what every girl has known by intuition since Mother Eve—that the nerve power and natural physical force of woman is stronger than that of man, and that woman is capable of enduring more mental and physical stress and strain. All the truth expressed by many writers about woman's superior strength is simplicity itself to millions of patient, doting mothers, whose daily tasks, if transferred to the fathers, would invoke wreckage in briefer time than all the cares of bank and counting-room. So it is fitting that intelligent consideration be given to college athletics by girls who must assume grave social duties as they leave college walls. It would be excellent if every student would undergo at stated periods a rigid physical examination, so as to know properly just what style of athletics would be conducive to the best results. The day is past for questioning the exhilarating mental benefits, not to discuss the thoroughly recognized physical advantages of athletics, and a "sound mind in a sound body" is a true saying in every avenue of life.

Dr. Woodruff, one of the most eminent physicians in the United States Army, declares the nerve forces remain unchanged in the child until the twenty-fifth year, and that physical improvements acquired by correct exercise in those years are like sleep before midnight, doubly beneficial to nature.

Then there is the psychological point of view. We are aware that this is a day of dangerous trespass on the psychic sciences; still we cannot intelligently gainsay the assurance that the mind plays an important part in the affairs of the body. The great preacher, Dr. Talmage, was fond of telling the story of two horses of equal strength: one pictured as anticipating with dread his daily service, while the other similarly employed, looked forward with impatient delight to the opportunity of dashing down the crowded thorough-

fare faster and gayer than any other horse. The famous divine usually concluded the parable with the recital of the lamentable early death of the dejected animal, while the happy horse lived to a ripe old age.

It is true that college athletics invoke a friendly spirit of rivalry to excel, which lessens the fatigue and consequently increases the capacity for that work. No girl objects to being tired out on the field during tournament week, if only her class wins the game. The interest in basket-ball is not up to the standard. Many times the classes have played, and there were no classmates present to encourage them. Let us go out to the field and "root" for our classes; at least let us encourage the team by our presence. Our new game, hockey, is interesting. Try it and you will see. Let us each one begin the new year with resolutions for improved athletic spirits; a higher regard for the glorious sunshine, a greater reverence for the hygienic breath of the gentle breeze; determined to enter into our sports and to kindle the glow of perfect health, and thus bring new zest and stronger capacity for the duties of the class room.

Wanted — Old Numbers of Magazine

To complete our files of the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE we would be glad to have as gifts, or to pay for, the magazines listed below. Direct all communications to Annie F. Petty, Librarian.

The lacking numbers are as follows:

Vol. I, March, 1897; December, 1897.

Vol II, February, 1898; April, 1898.

Vol. V, April, 1901.

Vol. VI, October, 1901; December, 1901; February, 1902.

Vol. VII, October, 1902.

Vol. IX, October, 1904; March, 1905.

Vol. XI, January and June, 1907.



Echoes from Without

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, '10

On December 9th fell the tercentenary of the birth of one of England's greatest poets, John Milton. The event was celebrated extensively in England and America. The first celebrations were at Christ College, Cambridge, Milton's "Alma Mater", where a performance of Comus was given. Presentations of "Samson Agonistes" were given at Oxford, and London, also at Cambridge. In America commemorative exercises have taken place in several cities. This celebration of Milton's tercentenary has a dual nature, religious and literary. Milton consecrated himself to the task of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" as a work of religious devotion. His services in the cause of religious and political liberty make him also a great figure in the history of English government. Thus his work is in all the great institutions of our life, in art, religion and politics.

In November came the report of the death of Kuang-hsü, the Emperor of China. A day later the news was published that the Empress Dowager, Tzu-hsi, was dead, too. In death, as in the important part of his life, the Emperor was overshadowed by his aunt, the mysterious old woman whose will has for many years dominated his own. Sixty years ago this queen who ruled over a quarter of the human race, was a slave. By degrees she won power at court, where she was one of the Emperor's secondary wives, and finally dominated it. She has been the real ruling force in China since 1861. Tzu-hsi, who died at the age of seventy-four, was a woman of such remarkable powers and achievements as frequently to be compared to Catharine of Russia, and Elizabeth of England.

Pu-yi, who is three years old, has been appointed heir presumptive to the Chinese throne, and his father, Prince Chun, has been made regent of the Empire. Pu-yi has been taken from his immediate family, and is cared for within the royal palace. The cable dispatches from Peking report him as crying day and night for his old nurse. It is evident that even if he is Chinese and an emperor, he is still quite a human baby.

The papers announced between election figures on November 4th, that the resignation of President Eliot, America's greatest college president, had been handed in to Harvard's corporation to take effect in May. This important piece of news came as a shock to many. It is neither good news nor bad, but simply natural, and it by no means implies that Dr. Eliot has finished working. He will be seventy-five next spring, and will have been President of Harvard for forty years. Most men are old at seventy-five, but he is not. It is true that he is no longer young; he is simply mature. His strength is still equal to more than an ordinary man's, and his mind is still open to new impressions and convictions. President Eliot is a remarkable administrator, and at the head of his profession as an educator. During the whole term of his presidency of Harvard he has been a man of steadily increasing distinction, and he has truly been called "a great man, a great citizen, a maker of men, and a nation's counselor."

The death of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard College, at a ripe age, brought a keen feeling of personal loss to many men of fine spirit and high ideals on both sides of the ocean. For he had the rare and indefinable gifts of inspiring men who sat under him, and of making friendships with great men of his own generation. Ruskin, James Russell Lowell, and George William Curtis were all close friends of his. A man whom such men loved and got inspiration from must have been a man of large resources of mind and spirit.

Delegates representing officially eighteen millions of people, and indirectly some millions more, have been gathered in Philadelphia for several weeks, where they held the first meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. There were present representatives of more than thirty Protestant denominations. Now, for the first time, the Protestant churches of the United States are acting in official concert, and there are great hopes for a very successful outcome.

The one great business in which the Federal Government is engaged is a losing one. The Postmaster General has reported to the President that with receipts of over \$200,000,000.00 for the past year, the Government has lost nearly \$17,000,000.00. Carrying the mails under present conditions is evidently not a profitable undertaking for the United States, from a business point of view.



Among Ourselves

CLAUDE UMSTEAD, '09

Adelphian Initiation

The occasion of initiation had been looked forward to with much anticipation, as well as speculation, for many days. At last, on the afternoon of October 29th, the long-desired notes of election to membership in the society were sent to the girls. Their joy for a time knew no bounds, but when the hour of initiation arrived their joy gave way to trepidation as they marched into the gloomy portals of the auditorium, for they had heard rumors, vague and various, as to the myteries beyond; with fear and trembling they reached the mysterious realms, the massive doors opened to receive them, and what happened within the hall the world is not permitted to know.

The social part of the evening's program consisted in a banquet given in honor of the new members, in the dining-room of the Spencer Building, which was beautifully decorated with ferns, palms, and chrysanthemums. The tables were arranged in the shape of an Adelphian pin, and in the back of the room a stage had been erected, where, after the banquet, a literary program was carried out.

The following menu was served:

Chicken Salad	Pickles	Crackers
Cheese Sandwiches		Olives
Cream	Coffee	Cake

Music was furnished during the banquet by Brockmann's Orchestra. A green leather card-case with the Adelphian pin stamped upon it was given each guest as a souvenir. Inside of the case was the program of the literary exercises for the evening:

S T A T E N O R M A L M A G A Z I N E

Scene I.—Belmont, Portia's home.

Scene II.—A street in Venice.

Scene III.—Belmont.

Scene IV.—A terrace at Belmont.

Antonio	Lonnie McKay
Bassanio	Linda Shuford
Lorenzo	Florence Landis
Prince of Aragon	Catherine Erwin
Prince of Morocco	Ruby Gray
Gratiano	Hal Morrison
Lancelot Gobbo	Emily Hyman
Old Gobbo	Marion Stevens
Stephano	Mildred Moses
Portia	Laura Weill
Nerissa	Nellie Cotchett
Jessica	Jean Venable

The program was well carried out and was much enjoyed by all present. Lancelot Gobbo kept the audience laughing by his antics. Herr Roy rendered Schubert's Serenade on his violin during the moonlight scene and as one listened to this artist, she agreed with Shakespeare when he said:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
His affections dark as Erebus,
Let no such man be trusted."

Cornelian Initiation

Nearly one hundred and fifty new members were given a ride on the Cornelian goat at their initiation exercises, Saturday night, October 31st.

Following the initiation an elaborate banquet was given in the dining room of the Spencer Building, in honor of the new members. The large room had been beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and chrysanthemums, and the tables were arranged in the shape of a maltese cross.

Covers were laid for nearly four hundred guests, including students, faculty and visitors. The following delicious menu was served:

Oysters		Pickles		Crackers
	Turkey		Beaten Biscuit	
		Cranberry Sauce, Celery		
Cream				Cake
	Coffee	Wafers	Cheese	

The menu cards were prettily gotten up in gold and blue, the Cornelian colors, and each guest was given a silver hat-pin as a souvenir.

Elizabeth Robinson presided as toastmistress and extended a hearty welcome to the newly-elected Cornelians and visitors. The new members were then given a toast, "To the New Members" by Nannie McArn, to which Kathleen Long responded on behalf of the new members. Other appropriate toasts were made: by Margaret Cobb, "To the College"; Jessie Earnhart, "To the Faculty"; Belle Andrews, "To the Adelprians"; Annie Martin, "To the Visitors"; and Edith Latham, "To the Old Cornelians". These toasts were responded to by Mr. Foust for the College; Miss Boddie for the Faculty; Hal Morrison for the Adelprian Society, and Eleanor Elliott for the Old Cornelians.

Brockmann's Orchestra furnished music, which added greatly to the joy of all present. At a late hour the Cornelian sisters, new and old, bade each other goodnight and parted, wishing initiation was yet to come.

On Friday night, November 19th, the Sophomores celebrated the anniversary of the planting of their class tree. At the sound of a bugle, gypsies gathered around the tree and campfire. They formed two circles around the tree and then the inner circle danced, going to the left and the outer circle to the right. When the dance was over, they called for their queen and danced again for joy at her appearance with her attendants. She welcomed the onlookers and told the purpose of the exercises. The gypsies each asked a blessing upon the tree. The outer circle then broke ranks and sang while the inner circle danced and kept time with their tambourines. They next sung the class song and gave their yell. The exercises were very good and reflect credit upon our wise Sophomore Class.

The students and friends of the college were delightfully entertained on the evening of November 23rd, in the college auditorium, with an interpretation of "Richard III", rendered most ably by the noted dean of the Emerson School of Oratory, Henry Lawrence Southwick.

Mr. Matheson entertained the Seniors in the Curry Building on the evening of November 25th. They were received in the teachers' reading room by Mr. Matheson and Misses Michaux, Fitzgerald and Nash. After a few minutes of pleasant conversation, they were led into Mr. Matheson's room, which was tastefully decorated in blue and white, the class colors. Here a delightful repast was served them, consisting of quail on toast, beaten biscuit, pickles, celery, coffee, cream and cake. Mr. Matheson gave a toast full of humor and wit to the class. Afterwards chafing dishes were brought in and those skilled in the art of candy making, made fudge, while others played and sang; all had a jolly good time. The guests departed at half past ten, having spent a very pleasant evening with the Training School faculty.

The presentation of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Cornelian Literary Society in the college auditorium to a large crowd of Greensboro people, Friday evening, December 4th, was the most delightful and thoroughly enjoyable entertainment that has been given at our college for many years. Mendelssohn's music composed especially for "Midsummer Night's Dream", was beautifully rendered by the College Orchestra. Altogether the entertainment was thoroughly delightful and one of which the college is proud. The hardhanded and thickskulled men of Athens deserve special mention for their success as actors. Mary Van Poole, in the character of Nick Bottom, the weaver, was the hit of the evening and kept the audience in a constant uproar.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Theseus	Margaret Cobb
Lysander	Lena Redmond
Demetrius	Nettie Dixon
Egeus	Clyde Farmer
Philstrate	Zorah Hannah

The Hard-Handed Men of Athens:

Nick Bottom, the weaver	Mary Van Poole
Quince, the carpenter	Clara Lambe
Flute, the bellows mender	Elizabeth Robinson
Snout, the tinker	Annie S. Wills
Starveling, the tailor	Allie Parsons

S T A T E N O R M A L M A G A Z I N E

Hippolyta	June Kernodle
Hermia	Annie Martin
Helena	Dixie Martin

Fairies:

Oberon	Helen Howard
Titania	Hallie Viele
Puck	Ada Viele

Mr. Joseph Elkington, of Philadelphia, came out to the college on Wednesday evening, December 9th, and gave us a most interesting illustrated lecture on Japan. Most of the pictures were scenes around his sister's home in Japan.

Mr. Herman Hoexter gave, in the college auditorium, December 18th, a Christmas concert that was much enjoyed by all present. Mr. Hoexter was assisted by Herr Roy, who played in his usual masterful way. Herr Roy is a genius of which Greensboro is proud.



In Lighter Vein

KATE JEFFREYS, '09

DIDN'T KNOW MUCH

"How do you like your teacher, dear?" little Mary was asked after her first day at school.

"I like her real well," said Mary, "but I don't think she knows much, for she just keeps asking questions all the time."

A college president, at the fall opening, announced that the Freshman Class was the largest in the history of the institution, then turning to the Bible he read from the third Psalm, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

Mildred went into a drug store. "I would like some soap, please."

"Scented?" asked the clerk.

"No, I'll take it myself."

HYGIENE EXAMINATION

"What is the best thing to do in case of acute indigestion?"

Ans.—"Give two quarts of milk and four raw eggs immediately."

One should wash the teeth the first thing in the morning, because the mouth has been closed all night, and therefore has not been aired.

Do not bite hard things with the teeth, for it will crack the animal and make them decay.

Remedy for sudden unconsciousness when one faints: Lay them flat on their backs and do not crowd around him crying. If the face is pale rub her with cold water. If the face is flushed get him up, and rub him with camphor.

The three Gauls mentioned by Cæsar were Rome, London and Italy.

Miss Bell asked one of the Seniors to take charge of the gymnastic exercise. "Necks upward stretch" was the first command.

The last bell was ringing for breakfast. "Dear me, there's second prep. and I am not ready yet!"

Smitten

Your fair golden hair,
 Your lovely face,
 Your clear, sweet eyes,
 Your sylph-like grace,
 Your straight, slender nose,
 And your red, curved lips.
 Your dainty chin,
 And your ear's pink tips,
 O, Senior so grave,
 Have made you a slave
 Of a poor, simple Freshman,
 "Greenie," but brave.

The Normal Girl

Ah, Normal girl, there's none so fair as thou—
 No, none in all this world so wide
 With crown above a fairer brow,
 No queen ere reigned or reigns there now
 That was, or is as fair as thou.

In thee Dame Nature has defied
 The gods of art, and given thee
 A form more fair than e'er before
 Dwelt but in marble imagery—
 But dwells there paramount no more.

For now, combined in thee is placed
 The beauty, all that ever graced
 The sculptured goddesses of yore,
 Ah, yes, all, all, and even more!

E'en those fair Sirens who did sit
 And sing upon their island's shore,
 Their features with rare beauties lit,
 Whose songs and beauty did allure
 The mariners to death that passed
 Their skull-strewn island, weird, obscure,—

With shame, at sight of thee, would cast
 Themselves into the sea and die.

Ah, Normal Maid, 'tis true, and I
 Am like those mariners of yore:
 Allured by thee, thou siren sweet,
 Unto thy heart-strewn, sigh-strewn shore,

I cast me down beneath thy feet,
 And happily I bare my heart,
 Knowing that thou wilt smile and crush
 It neath thy foot! It will not smart,
 Though freely should the life-tide gush
 From it, because, dear love, 'twould be

A world's, a heaven's delight to me
 To die thus, if it pleaseth thee,
 And e'en in death content I'd be.



Exchanges

LAURA B. WEILL

The Christmas number of the Wake Forest Student comes up to the usual high standard of that publication. The material it contains is, for the most part, good and solid. Two of its stories, "On Christmas Eve", and "When Greek Meets Greek", are exceedingly well written. The first is a timely narrative, with a vein of spicy humor running throughout. The second is a strong story, forcefully told. A biography of Longfellow, even though a comparatively interesting one, borders too much on the commonplace and hackneyed. The subject lacks interest because of a general and widespread knowledge of the life of the poet, and of the character of his poems. "Tales Told Out of School" is an extremely interesting collection of Wake Forest anecdotes. This department is one which other colleges would do well to imitate.

"Morn and Eve," a poem by Lyle, in the University of North Carolina Magazine, though simple and unaffected, is real poetry; and is a contribution of which any magazine should be proud. The story, "A Case of Confession", claims to be true. That we do not doubt; but the fact remains that the plot is so improbable that it must be accepted on faith. The interest is well sustained until the climax is reached: when, just as we expect to be thrilled, the story ends in a most matter of fact way.

The Red and White is a disappointing issue. "Love Conquers All Things" is a sentimental, weak, and worthless story, which seems to have had little excuse for its existence. The poetry in the publication is faulty in meter and subject matter.

The Record of the California Normal College has one very interesting and novel feature. It is illustrated. This should interest other college publications, for what is possible for one, would probably be possible for all.



Alumnae and Former Students

LOLA J. LASLEY, '09

McIver Loan Fund

In the months of November and December the Field Secretary of the Alumnae Association, Miss Etta Spier, visited the following places: Wadesboro, Rockingham, Laurinburg, Clarkton, Elizabethtown, Warsaw, Clinton, Raleigh, and Wilmington. County organizations were formed in six counties and work heartily entered into for the McIver Loan Fund.

Bladen County has a small number of matriculates but pledged \$200. The officers are: Miriam McFadyen, President; and Mrs. Margaret Cromartie Clark, Secretary and Treasurer.

Duplin County officers are: Margaret Pierce, President; Mary DeVane, Secretary; and Mrs. Faison Pierce, Treasurer.

The meeting in Wilmington for New Hanover County was one of the most largely attended and enthusiastic ever held. There are fifty-three matriculates in this county and thirty were at the meeting. They pledged \$1,000, to be raised during the next two years. Officers elected: Mrs. J. O. Carr, President; Lydia Yates, Vice-President; Annie H. Holmes, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Stover and Mrs. E. R. Clark, other members of the Executive Committee.

On the evening of December 12th the Guilford Alumnae meeting was held in the McIver Building at the Normal College. This was the first public meeting to be held in the McIver Memorial Building, and it was peculiarly appropriate that it was to honor the name and further the work begun by Dr. McIver. Many beautiful and feeling tributes were paid him both by alumnae and citizens of Greensboro. Those present heartily approved the form of memorial undertaken by the alumnae. As a result of this meeting Guilford County will raise \$4,000 for the McIver Loan Fund.

Sampson County Alumnae met in Clinton with the County Teachers' Association. They pledged \$200.

The Wake County meeting in Raleigh, Saturday, December 12th, was an enthusiastic one and very well attended by the alumnae and representative women citizens of the city. Officers elected: Penelope Davis, President; Mrs. R. D. W. Connor, First Vice-President; Mrs. O. T. Parker, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Jim Robertson, Secretary and Treasurer; with Mary Arrington, Daisy Waitt, and Mrs. P. D. Gray, of Cary, on the Executive Committee. Wake County will raise \$1,000 for the fund.

Notes

Beatrice Harrell is teaching at Willow.

Pearl Withers is teaching school at Earl.

Isabel Cromartie is teaching at Cerro Gordo.

Janie McBryde is teaching at her home, Maxton.

Agnes Speight is teaching school near her home, Roper.

Allie G. Little is spending the winter at her home, Parmele.

Margaret Dalton is now a student at Sweet Briar, Virginia.

Lula Holmes is spending the winter at her home, Effland.

Margaret Goley is spending the winter at her home, Graham.

Beulah Jenkins is spending the winter at her home, Statesville.

Bernice Turner is teaching the second grade in the Wadesboro High School.

Kate Johnson is now Mrs. H. W. Sinclair and resides at her home, Greensboro.

Mrs. Maud Coble McIntosh, '06, is teaching a private class in Laurinburg.

Emma W. Gill, '08, and Grace Gill, '07, are teaching a private school in Laurinburg.

Lake McNairy, '07, is teaching Latin in the High School Department of Guilford College.

Mary Young, of Henderson, is teaching the fifth grade in the Rockingham Graded School.

Eugenia Harris, '04, has returned to her Alma Mater and is assisting Mr. Brockmann in the Instrumental Music Department.

Allie McFadyen, of Clarkton, is a trained nurse and companion to the wife of Attorney General W. T. Jerome, of New York.

Frances Suttle, a member of the class of '99, visited the college on her return to Asheville from the Primary Teachers' Association at Wilson.

Miss Alice Daniel, 1900, B. S. 1904, is studying under Rev. Mr. Anderson, in Gastonia, this winter. She hopes to work in the Foreign Mission Field.

Miss Ella Graham, of Mount Ulla, N. C., who was a student here in 1903-1904, is now a missionary in Kwanju, Korea, under the Presbyterian Board.

Lucy Hawkins, '06, is teaching the first grade in the Wadesboro Graded School; Helen Hicks, '06, teaches the third grade in the Raleigh Graded School.

Miss Lelia Judson Suttle, 1900, is studying at the Scarritt Bible Training School, Kansas City, Mo., this winter, preparing for work in the Foreign Mission Field.

Lula Cassidy, of Scotland County, who is well remembered both as a student and assistant matron with Mrs. Davis, is teaching the sixth and seventh grades in the Clinton Graded School.

Pricie Farish, after spending three months in Burlington, as stenographer for the Burlington Plaid Mills, has now gone to Greensboro, and has a position with the Greensboro Electric Company.

Lillian DeVane, a student here in the early years of the college, and again in 1904, made us a flying visit recently on her way to her home from the mountains, where she had spent several weeks.

Wilmington schools have a large number of Normal alumnae and former students. Among them are: Hester Struthers, Lelia May Cobb, Julia Hill, Elizabeth LeGwin, Florrie V. King, Margaret Horsefield, Eva Farmer, Lydia Yates, Annie H. Holmes, Ida Hankins and Mary Best Jones.

Blanche Austin, '07, is teaching the first grade in the Thomasville Graded School; Lena Leggett, '07, is teaching in the Oxford Graded School; May Lovelace, '07, is teaching music in the Wilson Graded School; Elinor Murr, '07, is teaching in the Statesville Graded School; Flora Thornton, '07, is teaching the first grade in the Wilson Graded School; Mary Reid, '07, is teaching physics and Latin in the ninth grade at Barium Springs; Iola White, '07, is teaching the fifth grade in the Burlington High School.

Class of 1908

Nell Joyce is teaching at her home, Danbury.

Lena Glenn is teaching at her home, Gastonia.

Bright Ogburn is teaching at her home, Monroe.

Frances Lacy is teaching school at Millbrook, her home near Raleigh.

Rena Lassiter teaches the seventh grade in the Wadesboro Graded School.

Della Austin is teaching the first grade in the Fremont Graded School.

Elvira Foust teaches the fourth grade in the Shelby Graded School.

Mattie Williams is teaching the second grade of the Pomona Graded School, Greensboro.

Ethel Kelley teaches at Carbonton; and Bertha Freeman, at Smithfield.

Martha Petty teaches history in the High School Department of the Rocky Mount Graded School.

Hear the Wedding Bells!

Silver Bells!

Miss Kate C. Barden, '04, Magnolia, N. C., to Mr. S. G. Winstead.

Miss Elsie Sheppard, Winston, N. C., to Mr. J. A. Barr, Roanoke, Va.

Miss Laura Koonce, Richlands, N. C., to Dr. C. W. Sutton, Richlands, N. C.

Miss Lollie M. Harris, Seaboard, N. C., to Mr. J. T. Peebles, Jackson, N. C.

Miss Mattie C. Ferrell, Sligo, N. C., to Mr. G. S. Payne, Snowden, N. C.

Miss Annie Bryant, Charlotte, N. C., to Dr. W. M. Robey, Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Nellie Moyle, Salisbury, N. C., to Mr. D. L. Brown, Salisbury, N. C.

Miss Margaret P. Parker, Monroe, N. C., to Mr. Earl Dees, Monroe, N. C.

Miss Jeanette Trotter, Mt. Airy, N. C., to Mr. C. L. Whitman, Mt. Airy, N. C.

Miss Ethel Finlator, Greensboro, N. C., to Mr. James W. Case, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Annie Pauline Chestnut, to Rev. Warren Horton Stuart, Kashiuy, China.

Miss Carrie Belle McGee, Mt. Olive, N. C., to Mr. Fred R. Mintz, Mt. Olive, N. C.

Miss Dora L. Burns, Wadesboro, N. C., to Mr. Clive Cottingham, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Bessie L. Coble, Greensboro, N. C., to Mr. Ernest P. Sharpe, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Daisy Donnell, '06, Greensboro, N. C., to Mr. B. R. Craven, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Cora Patterson, Burlington, N. C., to Mr. G. R. T. Garrison, Burlington, N. C.

Miss Meta Fletcher, Fletcher, N. C., to Mr. Harvey B. Hutchison, Lexington, N. C.

Miss Sara Anna Parker, Smithfield, N. C., to Mr. David T. Lunceford, Smithfield, N. C.

Miss Nellie B. McNeill, Wilkesboro, N. C., to Mr. W. A. Dimmette, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Eliza B. Austin, '02, Tarboro, N. C., to Mr. W. E. Shearin, Rocky Mount, N. C.

Miss Viola Scales, Walnut Cove, N. C., to Mr. A. T. Rothrock, Walnut Cove, N. C.

Mrs. Sue Reece Hume, Greensboro, N. C., to Dr. John A. Williams, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Alma Murchison, Rocky Mount, N. C., to Mr. George W. Gorham, Rocky Mount, N. C.

Miss Rachel J. Petty, Greensboro, N. C., to Mr. Horace Waldo Porter, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Martha Louise Nixon, Little River Academy, N. C., to Mr. W. L. Harris, Blades, N. C.



ORGANIZATIONS



Marshals

Chief—Hallie Morrison, Iredell County

Assistants

Adelphians

Lola Lasley.....Alamance County
 Jessie SmoakWilkes County
 Flieda JohnsonGuilford County
 Laura WeillNew Hanover County
 Marion StevensWayne County

Cornelians

Mary Mitchell...New Hanover County
 Bessie CaubleRowan County
 Okla DeesPamlico County
 Elinor Huske.....Cumberland County
 Jane SummerellRowan County

Senior Class

.....President
 Jean BoothVice-President
 Bessie CaubleCritic
 Florence LandisPoet

Velna PopeSecretary
 Clara SloanTreasurer
 Jean BoothHistorian
 Kate JeffreysProphet

Junior Class

Annie MoringPresident
 Nora Belle Wilson.....Vice-President
 Elizabeth RobinsonHistorian

Emilie HymanSecretary
 Willard PowersTreasurer
 Viola KeeterCritic

Sophomore Class

Allie ParsonsPresident
 Nannie LacyVice-President
 Annie L. WillsCritic

Catharine JonesSecretary
 Bertha DanielTreasurer
 Minnie LittmannHistorian

Freshman Class

Not organized

Young Women's Christian Association

Mary MitchellPresident
 Elinor HuskeVice-President

Jane SummerellSecretary
 Margaret JohnTreasurer

Athletic Association

Edna DukePresident
 Nettie Dixon ...Vice-President, Senior
 Laura Weill....Vice-President, Junior

Ada Viele..Vice-President, Sophomore
 Clyde StancillSecretary
 Belle HicksTreasurer

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